

Songs of the U.T.T.

THE TEST

TUNE—"BIG IRON ON HIS HIP"

To the flight line here in Saigon, a new pilot came one day
He didn't talk to folks around him, didn't have too much to say
Did he dare to ask a question, did he dare to make a slip
For he knew that for the first time he had weapons on his ship,
weapons on his ship

It was early in the morning and the crew chief wore a frown
He didn't know if this new replacement could get his chopper off
the ground

He knew this was deadly business, and there couldn't be a slip,
And he knew a fledgling pilot could bring troubles to his ship,
troubles to his ship

Soon this pilot learned his lesson, while flying all around
He received his first baptism from the VC on the ground
Many rounds came through the cockpit, and they struck the rotor
head

And he looked around behind him thinking everyone was dead,
everyone was dead

He could see the gunner shooting, he could hear the crewchief shout
I can see them bastards running, god, that marking smoke is out
Before the Viet Cong reached cover, his bullets fairly ripped
And the wingman's aim was deadly, with the weapons on his ship,
weapons on his ship

There was 100 yards between them when he made his second pass
He could hear machine guns chatter, we could hear the rockets blast
We could see the rice fields burning and the gun smoke he could
smell

And the firey scene around him made him whisper holy hell, whisper
holy hell.

It was over in a moment, there was silence all around
And the bodies of the VC lie before him on the ground
He'd survived his first encounter, and just like all the rest
Now he was a combat pilot who had passed the crucial test, passed
the crucial test

RECITATION:

Or so he thought. Then Saber Six called and told him to make a low
level pass. He did and this is what he saw:

It was over in a moment, there was silence all around
And the bodies of the VC lie before him on the ground
He's survived his first encounter, but you haven't heard the rest
He just shot up 60 ARVN who were on a training test, on a
training test

So the moral of this story is while flying all around
And you think you're getting fire from the VC on the ground
And they call you and they tell you to make a firing pass
Just tell your fearless leader, he can jam it up his ass. Jam it up
his ass



A LETTER HOME

TUNE—"HELLO MUDDER, HELLO FADDER"

Hello Fadder, dearest mom, here I am in Viet Nam, weather here,
is so zaney,

For six months it's dusty, and six months it's rainy.

Dear aunt Zeida, uncle Louie, got my check out, in an armed Huey,
now my troubles,

Are all bygone, cause I'm over here shooting around Saigon.

I went flyin, with Jim Lee, he got shot right through the knee, you
remember

Loenard Skinner, he got mortared up at Bien Hoa after dinner,
My two buddies Jim and Tom, they got blown up at Quinhon, you
remember Larry Drew,

He got his leg shot off at Pleiku.

I just talked to Warran Green, he said he saw a Mig 15, he said
it started a bombing

Run, I think I'll watch this should be a lot of fun.

You should see him, he's a beaut! now he's strafing Tan Son Nhut,
he's coming this

Way, his aim is better, darling Mudder, Fadder disregard this letter.



AIRSICK ARVN

TUNE—"DRUNKEN SAILOR"

What'ya gonna' do with an Airsick ARVN (3 Times)

Early in the mornin', early in the mornin'

Throwin' up his rice'n'water

Early in the mornin'

Fillin' up his helmet liner

Repeat first

WHO IS WINNING THE WAR

TO THE TUNE OF BLOWIN' IN THE WIND

Men may argue the pros and cons on who's winning this dirty war,
But the fact remains that the army planes take credit for that score
Yes, the man with the rifle, the little guy whose life is eternal hell.
It he had but the time and paper to write, and the adjectives knew
 how to spell,
Would praise the skies both long and loud for the help that he gets
 from the air.
Cause he knows for sure when the chips are down, UTT will always
 be there.
They come at all hours, both day and night, with their rockets and
 guns blazing death,
And the guy on the ground breathes a sigh of relief, cause he knows
 that now there's no sweat.
They stay as long as he needs their help, placing fire on the enemy
 horde,
And departs expended with a friendly goodby like a knight resheathing
 his sword.
The gallant crews in their fragile birds, lacking armor and speed for
 the task,
Repeatedly plunge in the thick of the fray of tracers and splintering
 glass.
Yet you know when it's over, though some don't return, that the
 job has been done and done well,
And the men in the unit whose pride is so fierce, can show why
 their chests proudly swell.
They've been called prima donnas by many around, who would cast
 aspersions about
But the fact remains that their brand of work takes a stomach that
 has to be stout.

It's kill or be killed when you boil it down. Whether you fire, you
 shouldn't, or should,
It's a hundred decisions all made in the air and the guys that make
 them are good.
So shout all you want on whose winning this war, pass accolades
 out if you may,
But it's the UTT, ask the guy on the ground, for without them he's
 unable to stay.

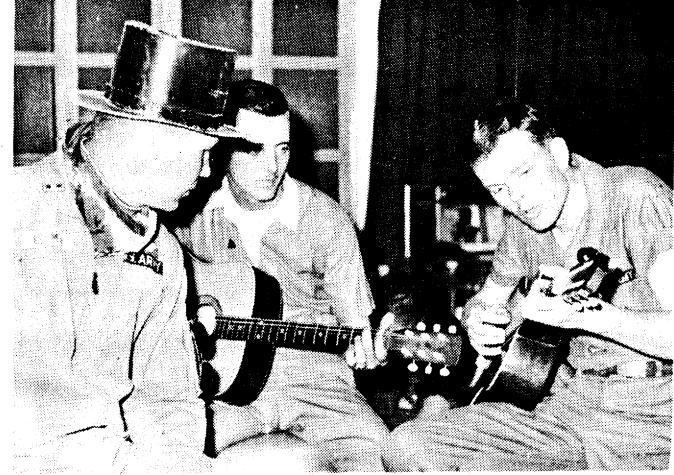
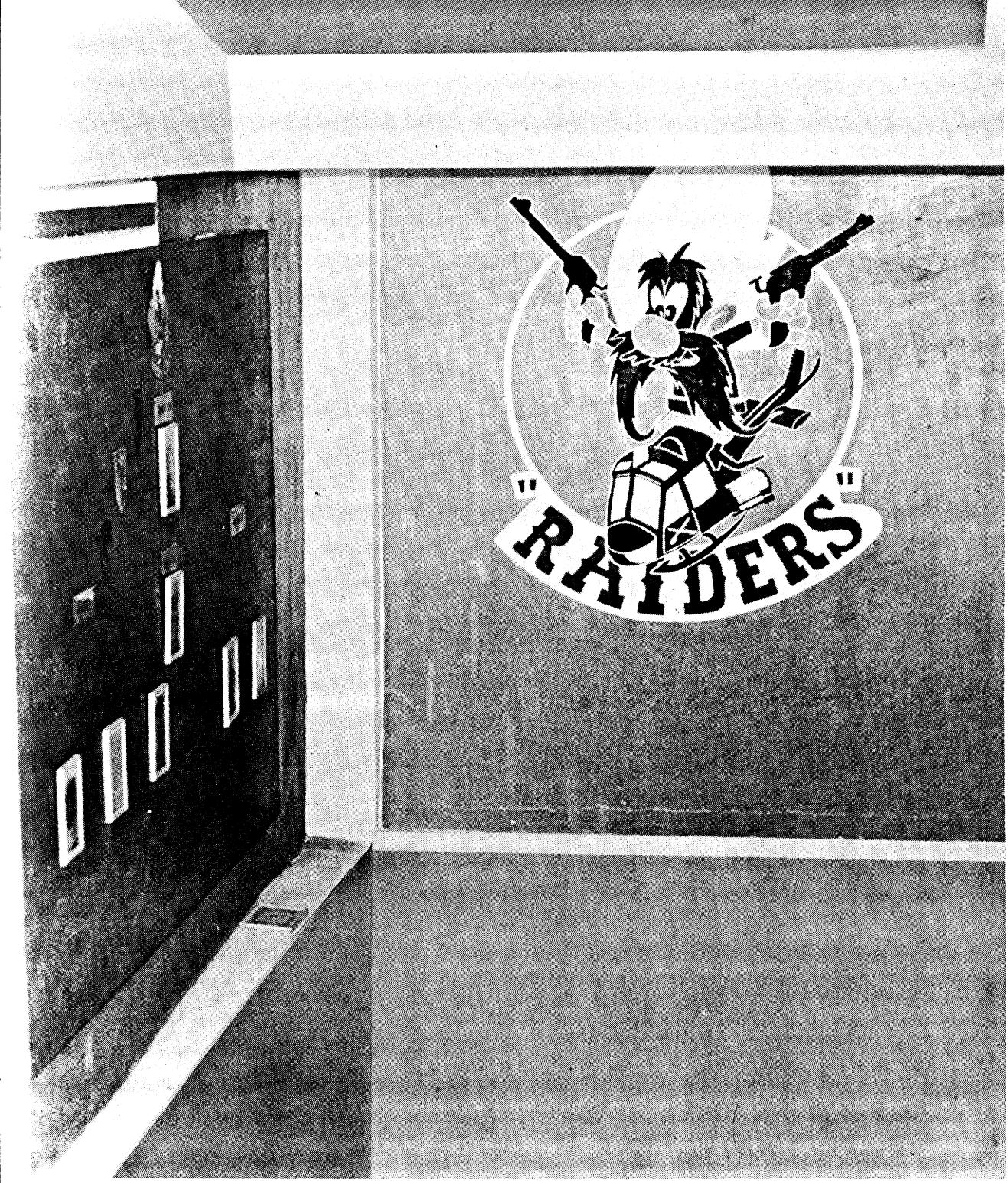


SAIGON OH SAIGON

TUNE "SWEET BETSY FROM PIKE"

Saigon, oh Saigon's a hell of a place, the organization's a blasted
 disgrace
There're captains and majors and light colonels, too, with their hands
 in their pockets and nothing to do
They stand on the runways, they scream and they shout, about many
 things they know
Nothing about, for all that they're doing, they might as well be,
 cutting grass skirts on the isle of Capri
The UTT's coming, we're way out of bounds, everyone knows we're
 a damned bunch of clowns
We shoot up rice paddies and brag about torque, and everyone thinks
 he's a damned Sgt York





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VIETNAM VETERANS ORAL HISTORY AND FOLKLORE PROJECT
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10 August, 1993

Colonel Richard S. Jarrett
c/o Ability Technologies
1800 Fox
Moore OK 73160

Dear Colonel Jarrett

A friend just send me a copy of the flier advertising the cassette of UTT songs. I am delighted to hear that it is available commercially and I enclose \$12.00 to order a copy.

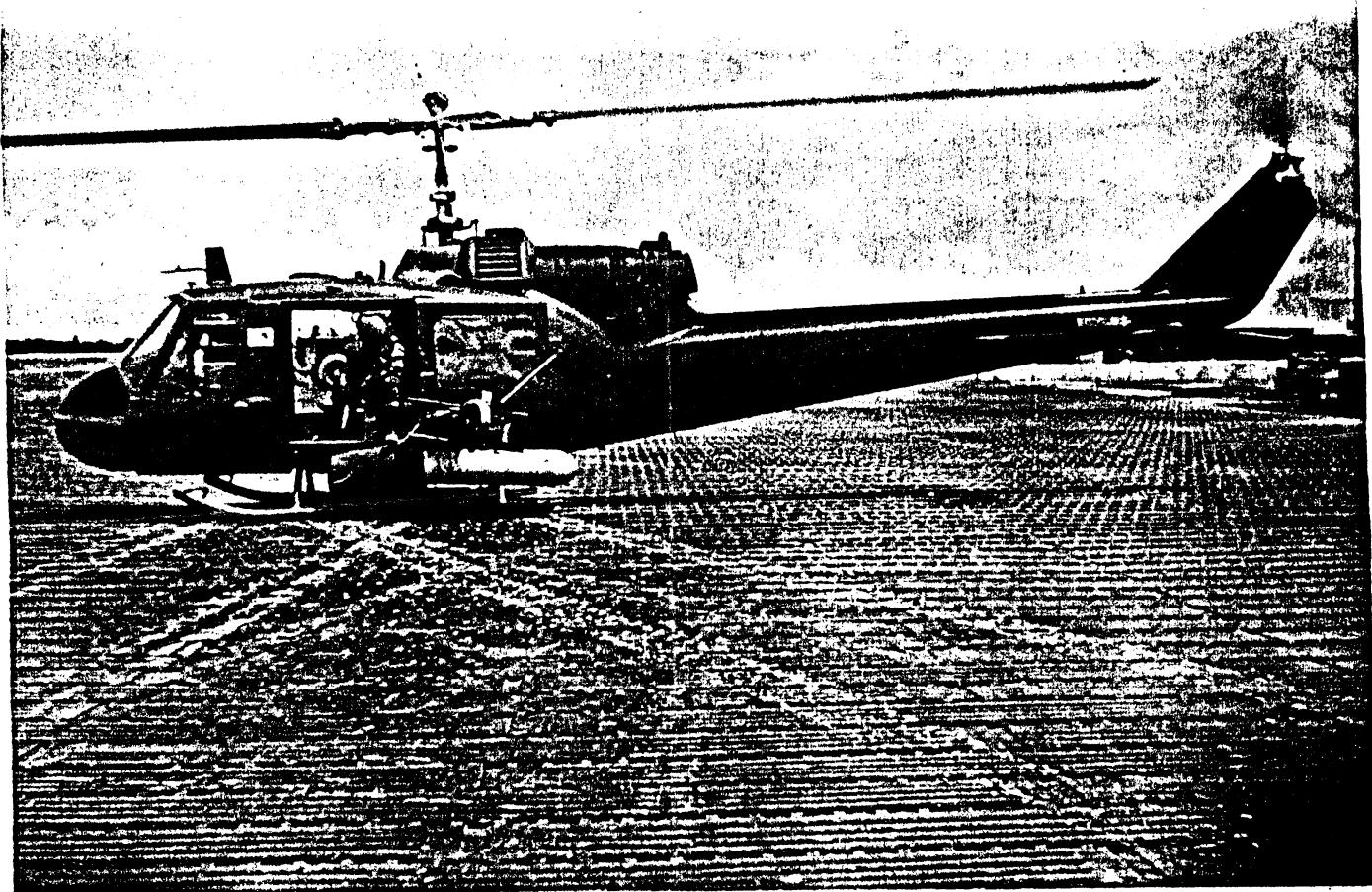
I also enclose a recording that I have recently produced and some information about the Vietnam Veterans Oral History and Folklore Project. I have been collecting the in-country songs for about ten years and have a fair amount of material from helicopter pilots: the Merrymen, the High Priced Help (aka Three Majors and a Minor), songs of the 117th (two versions), the Blue Star Singers (a very poor recording, unfortunately) and some party tapes with singing. I have just acquired a series of tapes recorded at the First Aviation Brigade's commanders conferences 1966-1967.

I am enclosing a copy of the entry from my tape catalog for the UTT tape. Any additional information you can supply (you can see that I don't even have all the song titles) would be greatly appreciated! Do you know anyone else who has collected tapes?

Perhaps the Project would be able to help you with your own recording. You mention in your flier that your tape is a copy of a copy. At least one of the copies of the UTT tape in the Project archives is of excellent quality, probably a first or second generation copy. I shall be delighted let you have a copy--the only charge would be the studio fee for my recording engineer, who would do the actual work. He can supply DAT, or open reel or cassette analog copies.

Hoping to hear from you soon.

P.S. Did you know that the Merrymen and the High Priced Help have commercial recordings available? In both cases they used Project archival material and the recordings turned out beautifully.



A full hour of those songs, written by helicopter pilots and recorded in Viet Nam during the height of the major build-up.

The tape is a copy of an audio recording which was made in 'The Villa' of the UTT Armed Helicopter Company, adjacent to the U.S. High School (later the U.S. Army's 3rd Field Hospital) in Saigon, Viet Nam, in mid-1965. The tape was recorded and narrated by Lieutenant Dee Young. Lt. Young served with the UTT as Playboy 17, the Fire Team Leader of the 3rd Fire Team of the UTT's 1st Platoon, The Playboys.

The voices heard on the tape are:

Captain Richard S. Jarrett, Platoon Leader, Playboy 16;
Captain Eugene Fudge, Fire Team Leader, Playboy 13;
Lieutenant Dee Young, Fire Team Leader, Playboy 17;
Warrant Officer Michael J. Davis, Wingman, Playboy 18;
Warrant Officer Al Guthrie, Wingman, Raider 24.

Don't miss this opportunity to reminisce about your time in Viet Nam, or to gain some additional insight into the lifestyle and thoughts of those who were there.

Note: The tape is a copy of a copy of a copy, etc., from a master which is over 20 years old (from the archives of Colonel Richard S. Jarrett, Retired). It IS NOT a studio quality, Hi-Fi recording it is just a real copy of the real thing.

**BONKS! 30 MINUTES OF: -Playboy 16's Awards
-Sounds of Combat (Dagger/Diamond)**

(Cut Along Dotted Line)

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*BONUS: 30 Minutes of: -Playboy 16's Awards
-Sounds of Combat (Dagger/Diamond)*

(Cut Along Dotted Line)

To order copies of the cassette tape, SONGS OF VIET NAM
HELICOPTER PILOTS for \$12.00 each, post paid, mail your personal
check with this form, to:

Ability Technologies
1800 Fox
Moore, OK 73160
405/793-0760

Please send _____ copies of
SONGS OF VIET NAM
HELICOPTER PILOTS
Enclosed is \$ _____.

Allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery.